SOME NEW BOOKS.

Oxford at the End of the Century.

The changes which have come over the most conservative of British universities during the last twenty years are sketched in an entertaining way in *Aspects of Modern Oxford* (Macmillans). The anonymous author, who modestly describes himself as "a mere Don," is evidently a fellow and tutor, who does a great deal of work, but never overestimates its importance, and is guiltless of the mistake of taking himself or his surroundings too seriously. There is no lack of humor, for instance, in the "Diary of a Don," some pages of which are inserted in this volume, by way of refuting the notion still current among outsiders that the fellows of universities are still privileged to lead a life of learned leisure. Amusing also, while not uninstructive, are the suggestions and warnings given to sightseers, in a chapter meant for their perusal. To those, however, who know something of Oxford from personal experience, the interesting features of the book are the classification of undergraduates according to pursuits, and the present condition of the examination system.

I.

It used to be in the sixties the custom to draw a very hard-and-fast line of demarcation between the reading and the rowing man—rowing being taken as a type of athletics in general, and being, indeed, the only form of physical exercise which possessed a regular organization. Rumor had it that a certain tutor laid so much emphasis on this distinction that men whose circumstances permitted them to be idle were regarded with disfavor if they took to reading. He used to docket the freshmen in his college, it was said, as reading and non-reading men, and would not allow either kind to stray into the domain of the other. It seems that now the general fusion of classes and professions has levelled such boundaries. The rowing man reads to a certain extent, and the reading man has very often pretensions to athletic eminence. Yet, although the great majority of men belong to the intermediate class, of those who make no one occupation the object of their exclusive devotion, there are still examples of extremes—the brutal athlete at one end of the line and the bookish recluse at the other. The existence of the former is encouraged by the modern tendency to professionalism in athletics. Mere amateurs who regard games as an amusement can no longer hope to accomplish much. Every schoolboy who wishes to obtain renown in the columns of sporting papers has his "record," and comes up to Oxford with the express intention of "cutting" somebody else's, and the athletic authorities of the university know all about Jones's bowling average at Eton, or Brown's form as a three-quarter back at Rugby, long before these distinguished persons have matriculated.

It is the opinion of "a mere Don" that thews and sinews have probably quite as much admiration at Oxford as is good for them, and nearly as much as they want. He assures us, on the other hand, that the practice of reading has undoubtedly been popularized. It is no longer a clique of students who seek honors; public opinion in and out of the university demands of an increasing majority of men that they should appear to be improving their minds. The passman pure and simple is diminishing in numbers annually, and the conviction is expressed that, in time, he will be, as he always should have been, a kind of pariah. Nowadays colleges compete with each other in the schools or university examinations. They live in fear of the London newspapers, lest the latter prove by statistics the immorality of an establishment where a scholar who obtains only a second class is allowed to remain in residence. Our author thinks that the stress and strain of the system would be hardly bearable, were it not decidedly less difficult to obtain a class in honors than it used to be—not perhaps a first, or even a second; but, certainly, the lower grades are easy of attainment. Then, in these days, the variety of subjects is such as to appeal to every one; history, law, theology, natural science in all its branches, mathematics, all invite the ambitious student whose relations wish him to take honors and will be quite satisfied with a fourth class. Meanwhile eminent specialists compete for the privilege of instructing him. The tutor who complained to an undergraduate that he had sixteen pupils was met by the retort that the undergraduate had sixteen tutors. Outside of college lectures and university examinations, there are various stimulants applied to the cultivation of the intellect. Not to mention the many college literary societies—it seems that now every college has at least one—there are in the university various learned associations, modelled and sometimes called after the German *Seminar*, which are intended to supplement the deficiencies of tuition and to keep the serious student abreast of the newest erudition which has been acquired in Germany or anywhere else on the Continent. Then there is the "union" as a school of eloquence for the political aspirant; or the "private business" of his college debating society, where a vote of censure on Ministers is sometimes emphasized by their ejection into the quadrangle, may qualify him for the possible methods of a future House of Commons.

II.

As to the Oxford examination system, this, it is well known, is practically contemporaneous with the century, the first regular class list having been published in 1807. The change did not at once revolutionize the university, although it contained the germs of a revolution which was to extend far beyond academic boundaries. Instead of obtaining a degree by the obsolete process of perfunctory disputations, ambitious men were invited to offer certain books (classical works for the most part), and in these to undergo the ordeal of a written and oral examination, quite as much stress being probably laid at the time on the oral part as on the other. Sudden and violent changes are repugnant to all Englishmen, and especially to the rulers of universities, so it came to pass that the new Final Honor School took over, so to speak, the plant of the system which it superseded. A *viva voce* examination was still, and is to the present day, important, because it was the lineal successor of oral disputation. The candidate for a degree had formerly obtained that distinction by a dialectical argument with three "opponents" in the Schools; so now the opponents were represented by a nearly corresponding number of examiners, and the *viva voce* part of the examination was for a long time regarded as a contest of wit between the candidate and the questioner. Nor during the first sixty years of the century did the race for honors affect the great majority of the university as it does at present. It was intended for the talented few; it was not a matter of course that Tom, Dick, and Harry should go in for honors because their friends wished it, or because their college tutor wished to shield his college from the censure of the London newspapers. Candidates for honors were regarded as rather exceptional persons, and a brilliant performance in the Schools was regarded as a tolerably sure augury of success in life, a belief perhaps justified by facts in those days, but which has survived into a state of society where it is impossible to provide the assurance of a successful career for all of the eighty or hundred "first-class" men whom the university annually sends into the world.

No sooner had the university opened a career to talents; no sooner had the fact been recognized that one man was intellectually not only as good as another, but a deal better—than the colleges in their individual capacities were constrained to follow the example set them. The first stirrings of intercollegiate competition began to be felt, and, after some forty years, the colleges began to abolish "close" scholarships and fellowships, those endowments whereby the descendant of some mediæval benefactor or the native of some specified county or town was provided with a competence for life, solely in virtue of the happy accident of birth. Nor were the outside public slow to avail themselves also of the changed statutes. The possessor of a university degree has at all times been regarded by less fortunate persons with a kind of superstitious awe, as one who has lived in mysterious precincts and practised curious if not always useful arts. So at first the title of "honor man," implying that the holder belonged to a privileged few—the élite of the élite—whom a university itself learned had delighted to honor for their learning, could inspire nothing less than reverence. The distinction, moreover, was a very convenient one. The public was naturally glad to have any ready and satisfactory testimonial which might help as a method of selection among the host of applicants for its various employments; and here was a diploma signed by a competent authority, and bearing no suspicion of fear or favor. So an intellectual distinction came, in time, to have a commercial value, and our author has no doubt that the fact has had something to do with the increase in the number of Schools and the growing facilities for obtaining so-called honors. He deems it needless to observe, however, that the multiplication of the article has tended to the depreciation of its value. The "first-class" man who at the beginning of the century was potentially a Cabinet Minister or an Archbishop in embryo is now constrained to condescend to divers kinds of employments. He does not, indeed, serve as a waiter in a hotel, after the fashion of some American students in the summer vacations, but he has been known to accept gratefully a post in a private school where his tenure of office depended largely on the form he should show at cricket or at football.

The author has some interesting remarks on a curious idiosyncrasy of college graduates which is as noticeable in the United States as it is in England. We refer to the vast imaginary distance which separates a graduate from those men who entered his college just after he went away, or had left it just before he entered it. It is true, indeed, that an undergraduate's memory has very narrow limits. For him the history of his university is comprised in the three or four years of his own residence. Those who departed before his time and those who came just after his departure are alike separated from him by a tremendous gulf; his predecessors are infinitely older and his successors immeasurably younger. It makes no difference what his relations to them may be in after life. Thus, our author points out that Jones, who went down in '74, may be an undistinguished country parson or a struggling junior at the bar, and Brown, who came up in '75, may be a Bishop or a Queen's Counsel with his fortune made; but all the same will Brown always regard Jones as belonging to the almost forgotten heroic period before he himself came up, while Jones, whatever may be his respect for Brown's undoubted talent, must always, to a certain extent, feel the paternal interest of a veteran watching the development of youthful promise. So complete is the severance of successive college generations that it is hard to see how undergraduate custom and tradition and college characteristics should have a chance of surviving, yet somehow they do manage to preserve an unbroken continuity.

Goldwin Smith's Essays.

Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH, who for some forty years has commanded the earnest attention of thoughtful and cultivated persons, has of late made himself known to a multitude of American readers by an outline of the political history of the United States, which, even where we may not agree with it, awakens, stimulates, and clarifies the mind. Those who can appreciate such a service will be glad to see from the hand of the same author other discussions of important political and social questions presented in a portable and compact form. They will welcome, therefore, a volume published by Macmillan & Co., in which are collected eight essays by Mr. Goldwin Smith. Four of these, indeed, deal with topics with which Englishmen are principally concerned, but the other four treat subjects which are of indisputable interest to the United States as well as England. Such are the papers on Social and Industrial Revolution, on Woman Suffrage, on the Jewish Question, and on Prohibition in Canada and the United States. Of all these essays, it may be said, as the author himself points out in a preface, that the opinions expressed are those of a Liberal of the old school, as yet unconverted to State Socialism, who looks for further improvement, not to an increase of the authority of government, but to the same agencies moral, intellectual, and economical which have brought us thus far, and one of which, science, is now operating with immensely increased power. A writer of this school can have no panacea or nostrum to offer; and when a nostrum or panacea is offered, he will necessarily be found rather on the critical side. This general statement, however, requires the qualification that, while Mr. Goldwin Smith ranges himself upon the whole among the upholders of individualism, he is a sturdily independent thinker, whose position by no means coincides in many particulars with that of other members of his school; with that, for instance, of John Stuart Mill. We have singled out the paper on woman suffrage, although each of the companion essays will equally repay a studious perusal, because it exhibits this divergence, while at the same time it exemplifies the author's gift of maintaining perfect lucidity of exposition, and yet infusing the attractiveness and energy by which argument is transmuted into eloquence.

I.

The essay on Woman's Suffrage occupies some thirty-five pages of this volume, and the treatment may fairly be termed exhaustive, both from the philosophical and the historical point of view. What gives the views expressed additional interest and weight is the fact that the writer signed, in company with John Bright, John Stuart Mill's first petition in favor of the suffrage for unmarried women. Both Mr. Bright and Mr. Goldwin Smith afterward changed their minds, and Bright spoke strongly against the measure. It is well known that the opinions of Mr. Herbert Spencer have undergone a similar alteration. It appears that our author's attitude toward the question was first modified by reading Mill's autobiography, which reveals the fact that Mill's opinions as to the political position of women were formed early in his life, probably before he had studied history rationally, and perhaps before the rational study of history had even come into existence. The result is, in our author's judgment, that Mill's historical presentment of the case is fundamentally unsound. Mill and his disciples represent the lot of the woman as having always been determined by the will of the man, who, according to them, has willed that she should be his slave, and that he should be her master and tyrant. This is Mill's fundamental assumption, and from it, as every rational student of history is now aware, conclusions utterly erroneous as well as injurious to humanity, must flow. As a matter of historical fact, the lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree. The lot both of the man and of the woman has been determined from age to age by circumstances over which the will of neither of them had much control, and which neither could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Mill and his disciples assume that the man has always deliberately resolved that he should himself enjoy political rights and that the woman should be his slave, forgetting that it is only in a few countries that man does enjoy political rights, and that even in those few countries freedom is almost the birth of yesterday.

Mr. Goldwin Smith reminds us of what H. S. Maine has demonstrated, that in the early stages of civilization the family was socially and legally, as well as politically, a unit. Its head represented the whole household before the tribe, the State, and all persons and bodies without; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members, male as well as female, over his son, as well as over his wife and daughter. On the death of a head of a family his eldest son stepped into his place, and became the representative and protector of the whole household, including the widow of the deceased chief. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times; without it the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was devised by the male sex for the gratification of their own tyrannical propensities, is by our author pronounced absurd. It was, at least, as much a necessity to the primitive woman as it was to the primitive man. It is still a necessity to women in the countries where the primitive type of society remains. What, our author asks, would be the fate of a female Bedouin if she was suddenly invested with woman's rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband? Mill's theory, then, that the present relation of women to their husbands literally has its origin in slavery, and is a hideous relic of that system, is without historical foundation. Mr. Goldwin Smith would rather describe it as a figure of invective heedlessly converted into history. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the woman was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the slave. The lot of Sarah is different from that of Hagar; the authority of Hector over Andromache is absolute, yet no one can confound her position with that of her handmaiden. The Roman matron who sent her slave to be crucified; the Southern matron who was the fierce supporter of slavery, were not themselves slaves. Whatever may now be obsolete in the relations of husband and wife is not a relic of slavery, but of primitive marriage, and may be regarded as at worst an arrangement, once indispensable, which has survived its hour. Where real slavery has existed it has extended to both sexes, and it has ceased for both at the same time. Our author recognizes that even the Oriental seclusion of women, although he deems it perhaps the worst condition in which the sex has ever been, has its root, not in the slave-owning propensity, so much as in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection. Apropos of this suggestion, the fact is recalled that the most beautiful building in the East is that which Shah Johan raised as the monument of a beloved wife.

II.

Later in the essay it is pointed out that marriage has risen in character with the general progress of civilization from the primeval contract of force or purchase to a free contract, a contract generally of love. Primeval practice was not regulated by the will of those early generations, but by primeval circumstances, and the improvement of the marriage tie has come, as all other great improvements of human relations have come, in the course of secular evolution. The anomalies in the property law affecting married women, to which remedial legislation has of late years been directed, are like whatever is obsolete in the relations between the sexes generally, not deliberate iniquities, but survivals. They are relics of feudalism, or of still more primitive institutions incorporated by feudalism; and while the system to which they belong existed they were indispensable parts of them, and must have been so regarded by both sexes alike. In the opinion of Mr. Goldwin Smith, any one who is tolerably well informed ought to be ashamed to represent them as the contrivances of male injustice. It is not on one sex only that the relics of feudalism have borne hard.

The exclusion of women from professions is often cited as another proof of constant and immemorial injustice. But what woman, asks our author, wished to be admitted to a profession a hundred, or even fifty, years ago? What woman till quite recently would have been ready to renounce marriage and maternity in order that she might devote herself to law, medicine, or commercial pursuits? It is suggested that the present demand for the admission of women to the professions is probably in some measure connected with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things. The expensiveness of living in a country where the fashion is set by millionaires, combined with the overcrowded condition of the very callings to which women are demanding admission, has put extraordinary difficulty in the way of marriage. Many women are thus left without an object in life, and they naturally try to open for themselves some new career. Mr. Goldwin Smith holds that the utmost sympathy is due to such women, and that every facility ought in justice to be afforded, though, unhappily, the addition of fresh competitors for subsistence to a crowd in which some are already starving will be as far as possible from removing the real root of the evil, to say nothing of the risk which a woman must run in committing herself irrevocably to a precarious calling and closing against herself the gate of domestic life. But the demand, as the author has previously said, is of yesterday, and, probably, in its serious form is as yet confined to the countries in which impediments to early marriage exist. With regard to the profession of law in particular, so far as it is concerned with the administration of justice, it is submitted that there is, and while human emotions retain their force always will be, a reason independent of the question of demand, for excluding women, or at least for excluding one of the two sexes. The influence of a pretty advocate appealing to a jury, perhaps in behalf of a client of her own sex, would not have seemed to Mill at all dangerous to the integrity of public justice; but our author holds that most people, and especially those who have seen anything of the operation of sentimental agencies in the United States, or even in more phlegmatic England, will probably be of a different opinion.

What is said in this essay as to the professions is pronounced equally true of the universities which were schools of the professions. A few years ago, what English girl would have consented to leave her home and mingle with male students? What English girl would have thought it possible that she could go through the whole of the medical course with male companions of her studies? Our author is inclined to press the further question as to what is even now the amount of settled belief in "co-education." What, he asks, would be said to a young man who applied for admission in the name of that principle at the door of any female college? Without arraigning the past, those whose duty it is are invited to consider, with the deliberation which they deserve, the two distinct questions whether it is desirable that the education of both sexes shall be the same, and whether it is desirable that the young men and the young women of the wealthier classes shall be educated together in the same universities. It is suggested that beneath the first probably lies the still deeper question whether it is good for humanity that woman, who has hitherto been the helpmate and the complement of man, should become, as the leaders of the Woman's Rights movement evidently desire, his rival and competitor. Both helpmate and rival she cannot be, and to Mr. Goldwin Smith, at all events, it is by no means clear that, in deciding which she shall be, the aspirations of the leaders of the movement coincide with the interest of the sex. By the proposed sexual revolution, the family, though it may not be the object of intentional or conscious attack, is practically threatened with dissolution. A head of the family there must be, if there is not to be domestic anarchy. Children must know to whom their obedience is due. Mill proposed that the authority should be divided between the husband and wife in the marriage contract, and that the subjects in which each was to be supreme should be set out. He forgot, however, to furnish a draught of such a contract.

III.

Passing to another view of the subject, the author calls to mind the physiological fact that woman, if she becomes a man, will necessarily be a weaker man. Yet she must be prepared to resign her privileges as a woman. She cannot expect to have both privilege and equality. To don the other sex she must doff her own, a process in which she will run some risk of ceasing to be, or at least to be deemed, the "angelic portion of humanity." Mr. Goldwin Smith is inclined to think that for a time, perhaps, the ancient sentiment might linger; but the total change of relations would, in the end, bring a change of feeling. Chivalry depends on the acknowledged need of protection, and what is accorded to a gentle helpmate would not be accorded to a rival. Man would not be bound, nor inclined, to treat with tenderness or forbearance the being who was jostling him in all the walks of life, wrangling with him in the law courts, wrestling with him on the stump, manœuvring against him in elections, haggling with him on 'Change or in Wall street, encountering him on the race course or in the betting ring. Mr. Goldwin Smith puts forth by way of surmise what many other observers believe to be a fact, that some advocates of the sexual revolution imagine that they can keep their privileges while obtaining what they term their rights. What our author says is that Aphrodite in her heart perhaps flatters herself that her Cestus will preserve her privilege while she gains the advantage of equality. So much poetry has been addressed to her that she may well be excused for not forming a prosaic estimate of the probable result. But the outspoken Schopenhauer has told her that beauty is rarer in her sex than in the other. It takes more to make a beautiful woman than a handsome man. Of this we may be sure, that the attractions of women generally depend upon their being women. Mrs. Mill, be it observed, remained a woman. If she had put on her wig and gown to go into court to cross-examine witnesses, or had stood against her husband for Westminster, we should have seen the great experiment really tried. That she has had social advantages while she has lain under political disabilities, woman, especially in America, can hardly deny; her sex has been an object of respect, sometimes of a worship almost fatuous, irrespective of her personal qualities.

After all is said, however, Mr. Goldwin Smith does not, like Mr. Herbert Spencer, set his face like a flint against woman's rights. Mr. Spencer opposes them on abstract principles, and would not so much as countenance a test of their practicability by experiment. It is not so with our author. He is willing to be convinced if empirical proofs shall be forthcoming. He sees that Wyoming and New Zealand are making the experiment of woman suffrage. Let them fairly try it, he says, and if the result is good, let the rest of the world follow. In every field of action, except that of politics, use is made of experiment. A new engine is tested before it is put on all the railways, or into all the steamships. A new remedy, however promising, is tried in one or two cases before it is applied universally. If an airship were invented, aeronauts would have to prove its safety before all the world ascended. This precaution would be taken, and not to take it would be deemed madness, however conclusive, in the judgment of science, the theoretical arguments in favor of the invention might be. Only in politics are sweeping changes irrevocably made, upon the strength of what even an advocate of the change, if he had any fairness of mind, would allow to be a mere balance of argument in his favor. It is indisputable that woman suffrage is a change fraught with the most momentous results, not only to the commonwealth, but to the household. Let, therefore, Wyoming and New Zealand try it for a considerable term of years. If at the end of such a term it appears from the two experiments that legislation and government have become wiser, more far-sighted, and more just, without any detriment to the peace and order of the home, then Mr. Goldwin Smith would have us follow the example and be grateful to those by whom the first experiment was made.

M. W. H.

Mrs. Crosland's Reminiscences.

It is probable that few novel readers of the present generation have so much as heard the name of Mrs. NEWTON CROSLAND. We never met anybody who could recall reading any of her stories. Nevertheless, for a number of years she was a well-paid contributor to the "Keepsakes," "Books of Beauty," and other London "annuals," for which there was a market between 1830 and 1850. Mrs. Crosland also did a good deal of work for *Chambers's Journal*, and she wrote several novels which must have had a certain amount of commercial success, otherwise the publishers would not have purchased them. That either by her work or her personality she had the power of awakening esteem and cordial regard seems evident from the respectable position which she attained in London literary society. Some of the observations which this position enabled her to make were worth preserving, and she has collected them in a volume entitled *Landmarks of a Literary Life* (Scribners). As the author is now eighty years of age, and can remember incidents which took place when she was eight years old, it is obvious that the tract of time covered by this volume is a long one. We do not meet, however, in these pages many persons of the highest distinction in literature or science. To the Brownings there are some interesting references, but we learn nothing at first hand of Dickens, Thackeray, or Bulwer, of Wordsworth or Tennyson, of George Eliot, of Carlyle, of Ruskin or Froude, of Darwin, Huxley, or Tyndall. Most of the people whom we encounter have already faded from the public mind, but one is still glad to hear of the impression made upon the author of this book by Thomas Moore, Leigh Hunt, Douglas Jerrold, and Mrs. Beecher Stowe, to whom, perhaps, may be added Grace Aguilar; the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman;" and Geraldine Jewsbury, on account of her relations with Mrs. Carlyle. There are also brief allusions well worth reproducing, to Nathaniel Hawthorne and R. H. Horne, and also to Louis Napoleon and Louis Blanc.

I.

We begin with Browning, the most distinguished man of letters of whom Mrs. Crosland had any knowledge at first hand. She met him in the studio of Lough, the sculptor, whose name Mrs. Browning has embalmed in her "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," and who is, perhaps, best known by the group called "The Mourners." The author tells us that she well remembers the occasion of her first introduction to Browning. It was one of those sociable gatherings very common among people of letters in the early "forties;" tea with bread and butter and cake was served in the drawing room between 6 and 7 o'clock, and about 10 o'clock there was a substantial supper. Robert Browning at this time was a young man, and Leigh Hunt was the important guest whom every one else had been invited to meet. There seems to have been plenty of listeners that evening, for Leigh Hunt played Sir Oracle, and harangued rather than conversed. He was, apparently, the eldest of the party, and he dwells in our author's memory as a thick-set man of nearly sixty, with fine dark eyes and whitened hair, with his portly person encased in a white waistcoat, which was amply displayed by the habit of throwing back the lapels of his coat, and inserting his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat. In this attitude, and leaning back in his chair, he discoursed to what was an admiring audience. Mrs. Crosland confesses, however, that to her he seemed the very type of self-satisfied arrogant vulgarity, a man without reverence, and, consequently, without the breadth of understanding which reverence gives. Browning spoke comparatively little that evening, but our author was struck with the quiet dignity of his deportment and with his expression of commanding intelligence. She had not then read a line of his writings, and he was, in fact, new to fame, his "Bells and Pomegranates" being on the eve of publication or only lately presented to the world. He sent two or three numbers to Mrs. Crosland soon afterward, though they did not meet again for some time. In the autumn of 1857, however, our author went to Italy, and availed herself of a sojourn in Florence to extend her acquaintance with Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A tête-à-tête with Mrs. Browning was, we are told, most enjoyable. She was full of information of many sorts, and, when she agreed with what was said, she tossed back the thought which had pleased her, enlarged and embellished; if she differed, it was with a gentle regret, quite devoid of stubborn self-sufficiency. She is, in truth, described as showing, in every word and gesture, a good breeding, which, grafted on a sensitive and genial nature, had rendered her manners perfectly charming. Among her idiosyncrasies was a fondness for the shade, which she carried so far that one of her most assiduous visitors used to say she had never seen her. By day anything like glare was excluded from the apartment, and in the evening every lamp was shaded. One of the persons oftenest encountered at Mrs. Browning's tea table was T. Adolphus Trollope, perhaps less known by his stories of Italian life, fine as these are, than by his contributions on Italian politics to the English reviews. One day there was a wordy battle about Louis Napoleon, Mrs. Browning upholding her belief in his wisdom, genius, and general nobility of character against weighty arguments brought forward by Trollope and her husband.

Even in Florence Mrs. Browning never went out between October and April, but one day her husband called on Mrs. Crosland with a special object. It seems that the last time our author had seen the Brownings in England the conversation turned to the subject of the spiritual manifestations which were then the talk of the town. We may here mention that Mrs. Crosland is a convert to spiritualism and attributes the ordinary phenomena of mind reading to the direct interposition of spiritual beings. Mrs. Browning was deeply interested in Mrs. Crosland's experiences; her husband, however, joined but little in the conversation. When, eventually, Mrs. Crosland offered to lend the poetess a certain book on the subject which she wished to see, Browning broke in somewhat vehemently, begging she would do nothing of the kind, as he did not wish his wife's mind to dwell on such things. Mrs. Browning exclaimed rather warmly, "Robert, my soul is my own," though, with wifelike obedience, she yielded. In Florence, on the other hand, with a smile on his face, Browning asked Mrs. Crosland if she chanced to have that book with her, as now he had no objection to his wife reading it. She promptly fetched it from an adjoining room, and he slipped it into his coat pocket. Of course, the next time our author called on Mrs. Browning the subject was discussed, but, though deeply interested, she was perfectly calm and judicial, rejoicing, nevertheless, at every outward proof of the truth of her inward convictions. It is well known that Robert Browning subsequently evinced violent antagonism to what is called spiritualism, but, at this time (1857-58), he appeared to have quite got over his first repugnance to it.

II.

Apropos of the diverse opinions about Louis Napoleon held by Mrs. Browning and her husband, we are told that our author once met the Prince in London soon after his escape from Ham, when he was looked upon by most people as a poor, vain creature, hardly worth the trouble of imprisonment. It was at Lady Blessington's that Mrs. Crosland met him, for she dined once at Gore House, though she was never drawn into the vortex of the dubious society which centred there. After dinner, while coffee was served in the library, the Prince was announced, and our author, turning her eyes upon him, at once decided that he was one of the ugliest men ever seen. His nose seemed enormous, and his eyes sunken and small. His complexion was so darkly sallow that it reminded one of Carlyle's description of "the sea-green Robespierre." Nevertheless Mrs. Crosland admired his simple manners, which were more like those of an English gentleman than what used to be associated with a Frenchman. There was no more gesticulation and emphasis of speech than in England would be deemed becoming. It is well known that, after the financial catastrophe which forced Lady Blessington to give up Gore House and leave England, she went to Paris, doubtless counting upon assistance from Louis Napoleon, to whom for years she had been a kind friend, and who had recently acceded to power. It is said that he was anything but pleased at the step she had taken. The story goes that he asked her how long she intended to remain in Paris, and that she replied by the question, "Et vous, monseigneur?" The name of Louis Napoleon suggests that of his political antagonist, Louis Blanc, whom our author met one evening at a reception in London. She tells us that, when she entered the room, she noticed a figure standing on the hearth rug in conversation with two or three gentlemen. It was a pigmy of a man, in a costume so like a shabby livery that, for an instant, Mrs. Crosland took him for a page who had some servant's duty to perform in the drawing room. Soon, however, she perceived that he was a personage who excited curiosity, though to her he was singularly repellant. The face was that of a middle-aged man, weather-beaten and hard in expression, while the pose of the figure was that of arrogance and self-sufficiency. He might be intellectual and full of misdirected energy, but he looked like one who could never be metamorphosed into a gentleman.

It was in 1845, at Mrs. S. C. Hall's, that our author met Thomas Moore, and thought it a high honor to be introduced to him. At this time he was 65 years old, and he seems to have carried his years well. Yet there was a weather-beaten look about his face that generally adds to the appearance of age. Mrs. Crosland was very familiar, through engravings, with the face of the Irish poet, and she found that the painters had been eminently successful in catching the expression of his countenance and the peculiar turn of his head that gave the look which, in a soldier, would be called "attention." He was, of course, the observed of all observers; but, after a while, Mrs. Hall took our author's hand rather suddenly, raising her from her chair, and, drawing her a few paces to where Mr. Moore was standing, said playfully, "Here is another." He put out his hand and smiled, and spoke a few pleasant words, conveying the impression that, even under the roof of old friends, he would rather have had a quiet talk with any sensible person on any sensible subject than have been made the "lion" of a party. Mrs. Crosland here mentions a circumstance which Mrs. Hall related to her twenty years later. It seems that Mr. Hall was walking with Tom Moore when the latter was quite an old man, and the subject of Little's "poems" coming up, the poet shed tears while reflecting on the "sin of his youth."

III.

About a year earlier it was that Mrs. Crosland made the acquaintance of Douglas Jerrold. A story or two which she had offered for his *Illuminated Magazine* had been accepted, when one day, quite unexpectedly, two gentlemen visitors were announced—Mr. Jerrold and Mr. Mayhew. By the end of their half-hour's stay an old acquaintanceship seemed to have been established, and it was at that first interview that Jerrold, speaking to our author, said "My dear child," not only without any rude familiarity in his manner, but with the overflowing kindliness of a veteran writer to a new aspirant. Mrs. Crosland says that she never knew any one who had more completely two sides to his nature than Douglas Jerrold. The outside world regarded him mainly as a caustic wit, too careless of the suffering which his sharp tongue inflicted, but we are assured that he also had a very tender heart, compassionating every sort of suffering, and capable of a white heat of wrath against selfish greed and tyranny. It was while his "Caudle Lectures" were appearing in *Punch* that Mrs. Crosland and her mother were invited to a friendly midday dinner at the Jerrolds's, who were then living at Putney. Toward the close of the meal arrived a letter by which Jerrold was visibly disturbed. "Hark at this," he said, after a little while, and then he proceeded to read a really pathetic though not very well expressed letter from an aggrieved matron, who appealed to him to discontinue or modify the "Caudle Lectures." She declared they were bringing discord into families, and making a multitude of women miserable. It is our author's belief that the letter gave the recipient great pain. As for Jerrold's reputation for wit, Mrs. Crosland thinks that his witticisms bordered too nearly on tiresome punning to be of the first order. For example, on inquiring in society, about the year 1854, who a certain gentleman was, he was told, "Mr. Mills from Manchester." "Indeed," he promptly replied, "why, I thought all the mills had stopped there." In a letter to our author, he had something to say about the magazines and newspapers that accept gratuitous contributions. There was not a doubt, he said, that contributions are to be got for nothing, but, when got, they are worth exactly what is paid for them.

The "Days of Bruce" still has a good many readers, and some of them may like to hear something about the author, Grace Aguilar. Born at Hackney in 1816, she was, it seems, descended from one of those Spanish-Jewish families who fled from persecution under the successors of Ferdinand and Isabella. In person, however, she was not at all the typical Jewess. She had soft but expressive gray eyes and the brown hair which only wants a touch of gold to make it almost auburn. Above the middle height, she was slender to a degree that gave her an air of fragility; she had regular features and an oval face that easily lighted up. She had a clear-toned though gentle voice. She was devoted to her parents, and proud of having been entirely educated by them. She was proud, too, of being descended from philosophers, statesmen, and physicians, although they had existed in Spain under conditions difficult to realize. In the days when the Inquisition had become a fearful power in Spain, and the Jews were subjected to savage persecution many Hebrews distinguished for their talents, simulated for generations a belief in Christianity, concealing their true faith under the strictest outward observance of Roman Catholicism. Not a few men of this kind attained to high office in the State, and even in the Church. Among the traditions illustrative of this fact is the following: An ancestor of the Aguilars, holding a high position about the Spanish court, was on his deathbed, and a Cardinal had been summoned to administer extreme unction, and offer the last consolation of the Roman Church. "Cease," murmured the sufferer, only about an hour before he breathed his last, "cease your ministration, I am a Jew!" Upon which the Cardinal immediately began the Hebrew prayer for the dying, for he also was of the Hebrew race. Mrs. Crosland knew Grace Aguilar well, and recalls vividly the first impression made by the novelist. No one, we are told, could be with her half an hour without the feeling of being in the presence of no ordinary person. The prevailing tone of her mind was so high and so healthy that it pervaded even the most ordinary topics of her conversation, while the enthusiasm of her character and manner imparted an additional interest to the most important themes. The "Days of Bruce" is certainly a wonderful production for a girl of little more than twenty, and her romance, "The Martyr," shows how well she was versed in Spanish history. Subsequently she wrote some simple domestic stories such as "Home Influence," and its continuation, "The Mother's Recompense," but she also produced works of a very different class, namely, "Records of Israel," "The Women of Israel," and "The Spirit of Judaism," the last being published in Philadelphia and edited by a learned Hebrew, Isaac Leeser. Of course the last-named book was written entirely from the Jewish point of view, but so broad and enlightened was the spirit, that Mrs. S. C. Hall declared the author to be a Christian in everything but name and creed. Characteristic of Grace Aguilar was her refusal of the proposal made by Colburn, the publisher, who wished her to write a history of the persecution of the Jews in England, naming a very liberal sum by way of remuneration. She declined on the ground that her co-religionists were now so well treated in England that it would be ungrateful to revive the memory of half-forgotten wrongs.

IV.

It was in 1854 that Mrs. Crosland met Nathaniel Hawthorne, and she notes that in society he was one of the most painfully shy men she ever knew. But, although she never had the privilege of an unbroken tête-à-tête with him, she had penetration enough to guess that, with a single listener, he must have been a very interesting talker. In the small social circle, however, in which they were first brought together it seemed impossible to draw him out. There were only five or six intimate friends sitting around the fire, and the host was remarkable for geniality and tact; yet Hawthorne fidgeted on the sofa, seemed really to have little to say, and almost resented the homage that was paid to him. Nevertheless, Mrs. Crosland got on sufficiently well with him to prevail upon him to meet a few friends one evening at her house. Here she had the good sense to refrain from making him the lion of the party, so that his name was not floated about the room. The result was that he was soon in conversation with Philip James Bailey, the author of "Festus," and it was evident that they were enjoying each other's society, although not till later in the evening did either of them know the other's name. At this time Nathaniel Hawthorne is described as in the mid-prime of life, a stalwart man, whose blue eyes, rather small for the size of his head, had a peculiarly soft expression. It is doubtful whether Hawthorne has had a more fervent admirer in England than was Mrs Crosland. In the substance of his works she recognizes the prose poet and the philosopher, while the form reminds her of the patient and delicate art of the gemcutter.

When Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe visited London, soon after the great success of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the author of these memoirs was taken to an afternoon reception given in her honor. We are reminded that few writers have ever received more genuine homage during a brief stay in England than did the little woman on the sofa to whom Mrs. Crosland was introduced. Mrs. Stowe herself has recorded that she "felt like a child who had set fire to a packet of gunpowder." Our author says that notwithstanding the strong Yankee twang of her dialect there was a charming simplicity of manner about Mrs. Beecher Stowe. She did not ignore the fact that she had done an important piece of work, but showed neither mock humility nor self-exaltation on the subject. Although apparently at this time under 40 years of age, her skin is said to have become dry, and withered as if by a settled tan. Her countenance struck Mrs. Crosland as distinctly intelligent, yet the English visitor could fancy certain commonplace people ranking her as one of themselves, and rather wondering how she could have written such a book. More expressive to our author's mind than her countenance were Mrs. Stowe's hands, which, for the most part, lay very quietly in her lap. Small, brown, and thin, the gnarling of the joints revealed the energy of character that usually accompanies such hands. It is well known that the Duchess of Sutherland was greatly interested in Mrs. Stowe, taking her up, as the phrase is, warmly. An incident which occurred during one of her visits to the Duchess was recounted to Mrs. Crosland by one who had been a fellow guest. Mrs. Stowe, it seems, was being entertained at one of the ducal residences, and the occasion was a large dinner party. In a momentary lull of conversation Mrs. Stowe, who had been gazing somewhat earnestly at her hostess, exclaimed in a voice that every one could hear: "Duchess, how ever do you fix your hair?" "You must ask Louise," replied the Duchess of Sutherland, with a smile that in no way betrayed astonishment or rebuked her guest. Mrs. Crosland is good enough to say apropos of the eccentricity of manner imputed to a past generation of Americans, that they have improved vastly of late years. One is edified to learn of this improvement, and to hear it explained as follows: "Keen observers, quick to learn and frank in acknowledging their shortcomings—when once they realize them—they have profited by their opportunities of culture and travel."

V.

Some of Mrs. Crosland's earliest recollections bring to mind fashions, customs, and prejudices which, happily, have departed forever. Old-fashioned prints show how hideous was the dress of both sexes in England when this century was in its teens. The waists were so short that the buttons on men's coats and the termination of a woman's bodice were literally between the shoulder blades. Women's skirts were absurdly scanty and short—too tight for a pocket to be inserted; hence the introduction of the reticule, a handsome little bag carried on the arm or suspended on the corner of the chair in use. The uneasy chairs of those days seem to have always had corners. But the bad taste of the dress was a matter of small moment compared with the fact that few women wore sufficiently warm winter clothing. Multitudes of people never wore any wool near the skin, and, even when snow was on the ground, little girls shivered in low frocks and short sleeves. Our author can remember how, in the winter, she was always sorry when the after-dinner time arrived, and her pinafore had to be removed because, thin as it was, it afforded some little warmth. The most tender care must often have been neutralized by the unseasonable dress. Of course, when ladies' gowns scarcely reached to the ankles, great attention was paid to their chaussure. Under such circumstances thick shoes and warm stockings would have been terribly "hoofish;" so only silk stockings or very fine cotton stockings, with thin-soled and sandalled shoes, were worn, even in the streets.

The pulmonary troubles, however, resulting from insufficient clothing caused far less havoc than the small-pox. Mrs. Crosland wishes that the fanatics who preach against vaccination could see the countenances marred almost out of resemblance to the human face divine, which were common everywhere in England seventy years ago. It is her conviction that, of the men and women born before 1780, fully half were more or less marked by the ravages of this malady. Our author can call to mind several elderly people so seamed and scarred that they almost frightened her when a child. Certainly, for the last sixty years she has beheld nothing comparable to the cicatrized faces so common in her childhood. Ladies so afflicted habitually wore the thickest of veils out of doors and chose the darkest corners when in society. A girl who had gone through an attack of small-pox without retaining any facial signs of it was considered "beautiful forever."

We note in conclusion that Mrs. Crosland commends the days of the Regency and the early years of George the Fourth's reign to the treatment of some great novelist. She recognizes that in "Vanity Fair" Thackeray broke the ground, but she thinks he did it only superficially. He was, in her opinion, too near the period, and to her mind, moreover, his work is marred by what she terms the unchivalrous act of choosing a struggling, penniless girl for the "villain" of his story. We are at once surprised and interested to learn from the author of these memoirs that, for years after the publication of "Vanity Fair," it was enough for a woman to show shrewdness and a little more than ordinary prudence for her to be sneered at as a Becky Sharp.

Pictures at the Alpha Delta Phi Club.

There are only some sixty paintings and water colors altogether in the loan collection that has been got together by the Art Committee of the Alpha Delta Phi Club for the edification of its members and the entertainment of the ladies who were invited to see them yesterday afternoon, but it is not usual in even so small a gallery, to find so few unworthy contributions, and still less often are so many very good works of our New York painters to be seen for the first time in a club house. The names represented in the little catalogue are for the most part those of painters of recognized cleverness or popularity, and the walls of the club house are bright with color.

Mr. Carleton Wiggins, who paints cattle as well as any one, has here a large canvas representing a white cow and her calf, both strongly painted, and looking out from their surrounding landscape very much as if they were alive. This is Mr. Wiggins's latest work, and it is very fine. Mr. Leonard Ochtman's "The Rye Harvest" is another very honest painting with the out-of-door feeling. In composition the picture is very agreeable, as well as in a certain delicacy of expression that is in no sense a feebleness. Mr. Theodore Robinson has two pictures, "The Watering Pots" and "Canal Rock—Evening." This latter has been shown before but it is a picture that wears well. The serene landscape and placid canal are undisturbed by the suggestion of commerce in the drifting boats.

Mr. Charles Warren Eaton has a picture, "Evening On the Morris Canal," which, from his different point of view and in another key, is equally expressive. Two small pictures by Mr. R. C. Minor, "Autumn" and "Evening," are in his familiar manner, rich and deep in color, and always agreeable, if failing sometimes in any sense of atmosphere or suggestion of fidelity.

"A Pastoral" and "A Frosty Morning" are two good examples of the sentiment of Mr. Horatio Walker, and Mr. Sonntag, Mr. Van Boskerck, Mr. Edward Gay, and Mr. Elliot Daingerfield, are others whose landscapes add to the merit of the exhibition. Mr. Verplanck Birney has a large painting of an inviting interior, "A Place Wherein to Think," in which a young woman in green sits before a fine old-fashioned grate fireplace. Perhaps her thinking is a little too pronounced and obvious, and perhaps, as would appear to the casual observer, she is not thinking at all; but the fireplace is charming, nevertheless, and so are the panelled mahogany walls.

There are two small water color drawings by Mr. John La Farge that are interesting, of course, and fine in color; but the "Hibiscus" is a most brilliant bit of scarlet. The "Soldiers Bringing Presents, Samoa," is rather a study in the semi-nude. Mr. Childe Hassam and Mr. Percy Moran have each two pictures, Mr. Moran's carefully finished paintings, one of them in water color, of his favorite oldentime themes. One of Mr. Hassam's is a street scene, sparkling and sunny; the other is a large and curious work, "The Enchanted House," the scene being in France, and the method of the extreme *plein airists*. There is a rather slapdash but bright water color by Mrs. Rhoda Holmes Nicholls, "In a City Back Yard," which is sunlight quite beyond what is possible in most city back yards. Walter L. Palmer's habitual snow scene, "In the Grove," is a variation in indigo. Mr. L. C. Earle has two clever water colors, "The Mud Turtle Club," a lot of half-naked boys resting on a rock from their swim, and "A Back Number," which conveys a sort of pun, the old man and the old magazine which he is looking over both being ancient. Mr. Ed A. Bell's two pictures, "The Cowherd's Noon" and "At Sunrise," are both full of sentiment. Mr. G. R. Barse's "Mote Porzio" is delicately blue and atmospheric. Mr. Howard Russell Butler's study of a breaking wave is true in color and movement, and the water colors by Mrs. C. B. Coman are expressive and well handled. Mr. Otto H. Bacher has five water color drawings, "When Polly Takes the Air," that were made for magazine illustration, but they are much lighter in expression and more charming in color than in black and white. His "June" is something of a sensation. It is an uncompromising nude, and a beautifully drawn and modelled figure, too, of a young woman sitting in the woods with a wild flower in each hand. Overhead the waving boughs cast their flickering shadows over her, and the problem that Mr. Bacher has set for himself apparently is the expressing of the effect of broken sunlight. However successful he may have been technically, the beauty of his picture is marred by the mottled effect of the shadows on the lower limbs. The upper part of the body, in unbroken shadow, is much simpler and much more satisfactory in treatment.

The Committee on Art, by whose efforts this interesting and excellent exhibition has been arranged, are Collin Armstrong, Stephen W. Van Schaick, Dr. Charles C. Quimby, Edgar M. Ward, and Arthur C. James.

Two Lincoln Stories.

From the Springfield Daily Republican.

Senator and Secretary Seward—or, as his friends generally called him, "the Governor"—like all good citizens, went home to vote, and the night before election made it a rule to have a "familiar talk with his neighbors." The familiar talk was always a carefully prepared and instructive speech—at least his own party thought so—which appeared in the papers all over the country the next morning. During the war he usually travelled in a private car, often with no company but his colored servant. Once he invited the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Auburn, the Rev. Dr. Hawley, and three venerable elders of the same church to return to Washington with him as his guests as well as en route. One of the first things to entertain his friends was, of course, to take them to see the President. He introduced them in his formal way, not omitting in either case the title and the denomination to which he belonged. That "reminded" Mr. Lincoln, and he said:

"When I was a young man living in ——, a little town in the State of Illinois, there was but one church in the town, and that was a Presbyterian. There were a few Universalists in the town, who once in a while held a meeting in a schoolhouse. One Sabbath during the service in the church some one came up the aisle and handed the pastor a notice, and quickly retired. While the hymn was being sung the minister looked at the notice. He had never been asked to give such a notice before; but by the time the long hymn was ended he was ready. He got up and said: 'Brethren and sisters, I have been requested to give notice here to-day that a set of people who believe in universal salvation will hold a meeting next Lord's Day in the red schoolhouse in the northeast district. But, brethren, we hope for better things.'"

Dr. Hawley told me the story at the time, and I have never seen it in print.

Mr. Seward was an Episcopalian, and this story is told: On one of the occasions when President Lincoln's patience was tried by a self-appointed adviser who got warm and used strong language, Mr. Lincoln interrupted him by saying, "You are an Episcopalian, aren't you?" and when asked why he thought so, said: "You swear just like Seward, and he is." That was Mr. Lincoln's way of getting rid of such advisers.